

"Oh, I was coming to that—"

"By rather a circuitous route, I think."

"Not at all, not at all, when you come to reflect and remember that my purpose in telling the story was merely to establish my theory."

"Pray what was the theory? for, (you will excuse me) but I declare I have entirely forgotten."

"Simply this, that in order to captivate the fancy, it is necessary for a lady to consult in her dress, her attitudes, and all the 'surroundings' of time, place and circumstance, a certain fitness—an adaptation, a kind of a—"

"Oh yes, I comprehend you perfectly; but I believe you had not set it forth so lucidly before."

"Well, then, to proceed. When the fancy is captivated, the battle is half won—and only half. For a lasting union of hearts something more is required. Once interested the admirer is led to examine, to inquire, to pursue, to become, if possible, intimately acquainted, to offer his heart, to woo, to win, to marry, just as I did—"

"You don't mean to say, that my friend, the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Ravenswood was the lady."

"Yes, indeed she was. I never fell in love but once in my life; and that was with the lady of the Balcony."

"Oh! well, then the story is told."

GIVE NOT WAY TO SORROW.

A SONG.

BY E. G. SQUER.

THOUGH the world be rough and dreary,
And the heart with grief o'erflow;
Though the soul be sad and weary,
Steeped in deepest care and woe—
Oh, give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

BANISH care, and with it sadness,
Yield not to its iron sway,
Cherish joy and mirth and gladness—
The darkest hour precedes the day—
So give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

CHEERFUL thoughts will aye dis sever
All thy deepest grief or pain—
But when lost, they're lost for ever,
And will ne'er return again—
So give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

THE heaviest storms pass first away—
The earth is brighter then and fair,
Each tree is decked in new array,

And softer then the silken air—
So give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

LET the smile again awaken,
And the cheek resume its dye,
For thou art not yet forsaken,
Nor dry the font of sympathy—
Then give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

HOPE in the heart for ever springeth,
While it reigns then all is well,
A cheerful song it ever singeth,
Clear as the fairy's silver bell—
So give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

THEN buoyant hope for ever cherish,
Nor let the tear bedim the eye,
And though the joys of life may perish,
And clouds obscure the fairest sky,
Oh, give not way to sorrow,
Hope for the best to-morrow!

TWILIGHT.—A SONNET.

BY MRS. E. OAKS SMITH, AUTHOR OF "SINLESS CHILD."

THE rude and garish light, that all day long
With half-oppressive gladness walked the earth;
The bud of beauty forcing, till it droops,
Athirst, o'erwrought with life; the bird of song
Made weary with its own exulting mirth;
Now, softly o'er the vale and hill-side stoops
To gather up its wealth; well pleased to spread

A twilight mantle o'er the exhausted land.
Sweet joy-distilling hour! though joy be fled,
We mourn it not, thy soothing is so bland.
Thus fadeth life to her, by whom I kneel
Watching the pulse aweary of their play—
Thus twilight fancies on her senses steal,
And life's unquiet visions sink away.